And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam, Rafe,* and *Gregorie,*
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe *Kate,*
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
Enter seruants with supper.
Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foot awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.
Enter one with water.
Where's my Spaniel *Troilus?* Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? shall I haue some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomack,
Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,

The meat was well, if you were so
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas bu
And I expresselly am forbid to to
For it engenders choller, planteth
And better 'twere that both of vs
Since of our selues, our selues are
Then feede it with such ouer-roste
Be patient, to morrow 't shall be
And for this night we'l fast for co
Come I will bring thee to thy Bri
Enter Seruants
Nat. Peter didst euer see the l
Peter. He kills her in her owne
Grumio. Where is he?
Enter Curtis a Se
Cur. In her chamber, making
and railes, and sweares, and rates
not which way to stand, to looke,
risen from a dreame. Away, away,
Enter Petruc
Pet. Thus haue I politickely b
And 'tis my hope to end successefu
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and pas
And till shee stoope, she must not b
For then she neuer lookes vpon her
Another way I haue to man my Ha
To make her come, and know her
That is, to watch her, as we watch
That baite, and beate, and will not
She eate no meate to day, nor none
Last night she slept not, nor to nigh
As with the meat, some vndeserued
Ile finde about the making of the be
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there
This way the Couerlet, another way
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of h
And in conclusion, she shall watch a
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile an

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND